

# The New Northwest.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 18, 1871.

## HEALTH OF FARMERS.

There are seven reasons why farmers are healthier than professional men, viz:

1. They work more and develop all the muscles of the body.
2. They take exercise in the open air, and breathe a greater amount of oxygen.
3. Their food and drinks are commonly less adulterated and are far more simple.
4. They do not overwork the brain as much as professional men.
5. They take their sleep during the hours of darkness, and do not try to turn night into day.
6. They are not ambitious, and do not wear themselves out so rapidly in the fierce contest of rivalry.
7. Their pleasures are simple and less exhausting.—*Exchange.*

The above is delightful theory, and we should be glad to see it proved by practice. But statistics prove that there are more lunatics and hopeless maniacs among farmers than all other classes of people. They prove that the lives of professional men and women are longer than the lives of farmers and farmers' wives, and prove that, notwithstanding the farmer's advantages, he is a very slave to his occupation. Especially is this true of the farmer's wife, who rises long before the dawn—thus turning the best part of the night into day—that she may thereby have meals in readiness for a band of workmen. Then farmer's wives have little or no exercise in the open air. They too often rise from a couch of pain, after their sleep has been broken by the restlessness of a puny infant, and proceed forthwith to the kitchen, where, amid the stifling odors of burning grease and steaming coffee, they prepare the morning meal. So much for woman's delightful season of sleep, and so much for her exercise in the open air. We know whereof we speak, for we tried it faithfully for half a score of years.

Now, it is folly to expect women to bear and foster a healthy generation under such regime. Therefore farmers, in spite of the "seven" above enumerated "reasons," are not healthier than professional men, though they ought to be, and doubtless would be were it not that the mothers of men are denied the opportunity for the healthy exercise and refreshing sleep which men unanimously accord to the lower animals during the gestatory and nursing period. This is a grand subject, embracing the fundamental principles upon which the world must rest if we would mentally and physically improve humanity.

## TEMPERANCE AND WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

The *Pacific Christian Advocate* has received from the office of Mr. Morgan, Assistant Assessor of the Third Division, District of Oregon, the following table:

Liquors	50
Wholesale Dealers	10
Retail Dealers	50
By the Bottle and not by the Glass	50
Tobacco and Cigar Dealers	10
Total number of Liquor Dealers	120

Think of these figures, ye mothers of growing sons! Arouse yourselves to a knowledge of your moral obligations, and, by the love you bear your children, never let us hear you say again, "you have all the rights you want," until the rum-fiend, who stalks stark and grim through our streets and byways, and through palatial business houses of brick and stone and marble, as well as through houses of less pretension and huts of noisome filth, shall have become by the magic of your might and influence the abodes of temperance, morality and social harmony.

Never let us hear you say again that government is not your legitimate sphere. Man needs you by his side as his helpmeet in our municipal regulations as well as in the home, the church and the social circle. Cannot you see that he makes bad work of government without you? One hundred and forty-nine liquor dealers in Portland! Only think of it! Have you "all the rights you want" so long as these pits of intemperance are allowed to lure your sons to ruin while your voice is powerless to say them nay? Upon you, O, mothers of America, devolves the moral responsibility of this great curse of intemperance. We pray you to no longer foster, by your apathy and indifference, this rapidly growing evil. You may shirk your duty, but your children must endure the consequences. Assert your right to the ballot, acknowledge its power, and prove by your example that you know your duty and dare to perform it, and we shall see if this scourge, with its twin companion, prostitution, is not speedily banished from our city limits.

## HISTORY OF OREGON.

We are the favored recipient of a copy of W. H. Gray's History of Oregon, which we have delayed to notice from time to time for several weeks, in the hope that we should have time to give the work a thorough perusal. We have lately had time to examine the book, and find that it will amply repay a studious investigation. The style is simple, unobtrusive and natural, and though the author's prejudices crop out very forcibly in some places, yet we think he clearly substantiates good reasons for them.

We were particularly interested in the account of the first "Territorial Committee of Office," which met at Champoeg in 1833. The committee was limited to six days, with an allowance of \$1.25 per day, to be raised by subscription. Each member subscribed the full amount of his fee, and other members contributed the amount of theirs. The committee then proceeded to the mouth of the Willamette river, where they met on the 15th of July, with one square meal and the balance used as a grat-

ary, from which it derived its name." Passing through a page or two of minutes, etc., we come to Newell's resolution: "Robert Newell moved and was seconded, that a committee be appointed to prepare a paper for the signature of all persons wishing an organization."

It seems that a majority of the citizens were in favor of an organization and reported accordingly, whereupon our friend Newell took the floor and expostulated. Said he: "Well, really now, Mr. Chairman, this report is a stumper. I see from the report of this 'committee' that you are going on a lecture too fast. I think we had better find out if we can carry this thing before we go too far. We have a good many people that don't know what we're about, and I think we'd better adjourn before we go too far."

"Most of the committee were in favor of universal suffrage, and as Dr. Newell had a native wife, it was naturally supposed he would be quite as liberal as those who had full white families, but the Doctor demurred in the following speech: 'Well, now, Mr. Speaker, I think we have got quite high enough among the dark clouds. I do not believe we ought to go higher. It is well enough to admit the English, the French, the Spanish and the half-breeds, but the Indian and the negro is a little too dark for me. I think we had better stop at the half-breeds. I am in favor of limiting the right to vote to them, and going no further into the dark clouds to admit the negro.'"

We produce the above matter of history to show that equality before the law was a mooted question in Oregon nearly twenty years ago, and also to show the quality of the opposition it received, and the causes for the same.

## WOODHULL AND CLAPLIN.

On our first page is a letter from Mrs. Belle W. Cooke, to which we call the attention of the public.

We have not seen the article in *Woodhull and Claplin's Weekly* to which our friend alludes, but we have seen many commendable things in their very able journal. Mrs. Woodhull says and does many singular things simply because she dares to do so. We regard her as a sensational rather than a wicked journal. Mrs. Beecher Hooker, who personally knows her, pronounces her a pure woman. The sad phases in her early married life have had a tendency to pervert her ideas of the marriage bond, and there are thousands of women under the yoke of wedlock to-day who secretly nurse just such sentiments against the restraints of matrimony as are openly proclaimed by this unfortunate and intelligent, fearless and remarkable woman.

*Woodhull and Claplin's Weekly* will be read, upheld and sustained by the very attacks which would seem to hinder it, and while we by no means endorse its theories upon the marriage relation, yet we do emphatically declare that its able exposition of many of the glaring wrongs that curse society far more than compensate for the mischievous tendency of its apparent doctrine of free love.

We find that few of the people who denounce the paper are acquainted with it except upon hearsay evidence. Our friend, Mrs. Cooke, has been reading some of its articles, however, and we like her candor in denouncing what she cannot indorse. Like herself, we simply desire to "prove all things and hold fast to that which is good."

## THE "BULLETIN" MORALIZETH.

We are pleased to see that our friend of the *Bulletin* has become aware of the existence of the *Day's Doings* and *Police Gazette*; and we are rejoiced that he is using his influence, as the first fruit of conversion to woman suffrage, to urge the interpolation of the law to prevent the circulation through the United States mails of such publications as are a libel upon decency and an outrage on the purity of humanity.

Doesn't our brother know that if the mothers of growing sons could have a voice in making and regulating our laws this purulent pestilence would be prohibited, and that right speedily? Doesn't he realize that a reading and reasoning and thoughtful woman, who spends the best part of her life in "training her children in the doctrines of truth and chastity," to be sullied by man-made associations as soon as they are old enough to read a picture, is like a carrier dove with her wing clipped, or a wise governor with his power gone, or a counselor in chains, a very helpless grapple with the corruption under whose influence her sons must soon be brought, and where her influence has no power to reach?

Again, our brother's strictures upon the nude drama are gratifying in the extreme. Who believes that the wise and pure and conservative mothers of this city would permit the enactment of such an outrage upon decency as we were mortified to see but recently upon the stage in this city, in which a young girl danced, whirled, kicked and cavorted in a disgusting and scant undress of gauze, the only covering(?) which concealed her otherwise entire nudity. To call things by their right names is the aim of a reform journal, and we hope the local of the *Oregonian*, who has gone into rhapsodies over the exhibitions of the Nathan troupe, and whose description thereof induced us to enter, will not blush over much when we assure him that we failed to see the wonderful grandeur and beauty of the disgusting exhibition of such an undress, before a mixed and apparently delighted audience of girls and boys.

Speaking of this troupe, the child Marion is indeed a remarkable precocity; but that a girl of tender years should be taught to enact the character of men and boys, thus unsexing herself and smirching her childish femininity, is so horrible that we can only realize

which is more than life itself? In the name of humanity, do you think that there is a virtuous man or woman who can consider him worthy to be called honorable? Think you that the poor victim of his wife's false promises—the misled, the hopeless, heart-broken, forsaken, ruined girl—will call him honorable?

Yet, despite the fact that the villain Fay has proved himself unworthy of every attribute of noble manhood, the newspapers call him honorable, and many of them are willing to accord him position—office! Cash and brains make for him a free pass everywhere, while his poor victim and his shame-stricken friends are left to bear the burden of his disgrace, their ruin and the world's bitter scorn.

Woman is powerless so long as she eats the bread of dependence to prevent the aggression of man. Were the tables turned to-day—were man dependent upon woman for his subsistence and representation, and she thereby possessed of power to control his whole moral condition—he would very soon find himself compelled to square his life to a new code.

In moral rectitude woman herself should not demand less of woman, but of man she should demand more. There should be no law or usage which recognizes or for a moment tolerates a privileged class, which is nothing less or more than an aristocracy of sex.

Public opinion must abandon its liberal pardon of the vices of men. I pray that the unequal and deluding standard of morality may be cut short, and that sex may no longer be a protection for the libertine or a cloak for the honorable.

## OUR CELEBRITIES.

A letter just received from Hon. John A. Collins, of San Francisco, brings the welcome news that Susan B. Anthony will leave that place for Portland on the next steamer. It is thought that Mrs. Stanton cannot come; but hundreds of the citizens of Portland have signed a petition urging her to visit us, and it is hoped that we shall not be disappointed.

## OUR NEIGHBOR REJOICETH OUR HEART.

Upon beholding the equal rights article that appeared in yesterday's *Herald* we were rejoiced to be able to add to the editor's grace of courtesy the cardinal virtue of gratitude. Another evidence that men are not the brutes they pretend to be when arguing equal rights with women.

## THE \$300 PRIZE ESSAY.

The Board of Real Estate Agents of this city on May 15th, 1871, made the following offer for a prize essay on Oregon:

A prize of \$300 will be given by the "State Board of Real Estate Agents" for the best Essay on Oregon, its Advantages as an Agricultural and Commercial State, Inducements it presents to Capitalists, Emigrants, etc.

The Essay not to exceed one hundred pages of printed matter, the size of the pamphlet published by the Labor Exchange.

The decision to be made by a committee consisting of the officers of the State Agricultural Society and the following named gentlemen: J. C. Ainsworth, Esq., Hon. M. P. Deady, Dr. W. H. Watkins, L. White, Esq., W. S. Ladd, Gen. Canby.

The manuscript to be handed in within sixty days from date. Address all communications to

C. P. FERRY, Secretary.

## OREGON STATE BOARD OF REAL ESTATE AGENTS.

The undersigned Committee to whom was referred the Essays written for the \$300 prize offered by the Board of Real Estate Agents for "the best Essay on the Resources and Advantages of Oregon," report that, of the five essays submitted to them, the ones written by Mrs. A. J. Duniway and Hon. J. Quinn Thornton, respectively, are in all respects superior to the other three; and that, as to these two, they have different merits and faults, but upon the whole are so nearly equal in merit that the Committee is unable to say that either is absolutely better than the other, and therefore recommend that a moiety of the prize be awarded to the author of each.

(Signed),  
J. C. AINSWORTH,  
W. S. LADD,  
M. P. DEADY,  
W. H. WATKINS,  
L. WHITE,  
E. R. S. CANBY.

PORTLAND, August 9, 1871.

C. P. FERRY, Esq., Secretary of the Board of Real Estate Agents, Portland—Dear Sir: The undersigned, having read and considered the decision of the Committee to whom the Board you represented referred the five Essays on the Resources and Advantages of Oregon, submitted in competition for the \$300 prize offered for "the best Essay," consent to the award as made. We are respectfully, etc.,

J. QUINN THORNTON.

MRS. A. J. DUNIWAY.

A VISIT FROM AN EDITOR.—We had the honor of a call on Thursday last from Mrs. Duniway, the talented editor of the *New Northwest*. Mrs. D. is an excellent conversationalist, and talks with so much sense and cogency that it makes one forget that she is a "weaker vessel." Her visit to this city was coupled with business, and from that we hear, the already bulky edition of her paper will be considerably increased thereby. The "shrieking sisterhood" have an earnest and powerful auxiliary in the pen of this lady, and she is sure of readers and admirers even among those who believe that such things as woman's rights should be done away with. [No pun intended.]—*Vancouver Register.*

There is said to be a vast deal of destitution and suffering in Paris, 240,000 people being dependent on charity.

## For The New Northwest. Morning in the Mountains.

Upon the mountain's brow I stood,  
And gazed upon the tall, green wood  
That grew above the rugged side,  
And heard the birds sing in the shade.  
Far, far above the babbling stream,  
That rushing, dancing in the beam  
Of rising sun, which glories there  
In laughing water, gleamed and clear;  
Behind some rocky crag I hid  
The laughing valley of the dead;  
That stern and cold, half-blocked the way  
The gurgling waters chose to play.  
I gazed with deep, intense delight  
Upon the awe-inspiring sight,  
Beneath the broken mountain chain  
Extended far, far as eye could reach,<  
Were mountains, rising each on each,  
Seeming to circle round again  
And join the rugged, loftier reign  
Of others, soft with morning light  
And misty vapors of the night,  
That rising round me, half-concealed  
The beauty that the sun revealed;  
While to the north, so plainly seen,  
White with her cold and frozen sheen  
Of deep and never melting snows,  
Mount Rainier stood in calm repose;  
And eastward, toward the rising sun,  
With grandeur that is all his own,  
Seeming the warmth the sunbeams cast  
Upon his snow, as in the past,  
With sunlight slanting over his side,  
Mount Hood arose in solemn pride,  
That monarch how centuries had flown,  
And time was speeding swiftly on;  
And yet it seemed as if no trace  
Of fleeting years was on the face  
Of nature, silent and grand,  
The work of the Almighty hand  
Of great Omnipotence, whose solen voice,  
At nature's altar bowing low,  
My soul was filled with holy thought,  
And purified, I left the spot.  
August, 1871. ISOLA WORTH.

## A Magdalen's Death.

A THRILLING SCENE ON A FALL RIVER STEAMER.

"Fish's is the Fall River line, is it not?"

"Yes, and the way he tries to beat everybody else and make his only line to Boston is astonishing. Why, I'll tell you something about Fish. One day just as we were starting from New York, a trim little girl stepped aboard and took a state-room, saying she was going through to Boston. She wasn't dressed loud, but mighty neat and rich, wearing a Turkish hat, velvet sack trimmed with lace and a lot of scallops and trimming around it, and about the most bewitching foot I ever saw on a human. She was pretty, say, and called me 'old father' at supper, and carried on in a way that soon showed what she was, that she deceived me at first with her baby face and girlish manner."

"She was standing on deck about 7 o'clock, after having horrified the ladies and amused the gentlemen by her rollicking manner, and became quiet for a few minutes, while she looked far out at sea. She turned round to the captain, and putting up her small white hands and taking him by the whiskers on each side of his face, she looked up to him, and says she, very solemnly, 'Did you ever want to die, Captain?' 'Well, says he, 'I don't think I ever did.' 'And if you did,' said she, 'what would you do?' 'Well, in that case,' said the Captain, looking her hand and turning away, 'I think as I have plenty of opportunity, I should jump into the Sound and drown myself.'"

"The words were hardly out of his mouth before she turned round like a flash, and putting one hand on the railing, leaped overboard. She was gone before a person could stir to catch her, and a terrible scream arose from the passengers who saw it."

"I was standing when I heard the shouts, and looked out and saw her come to the surface. She had taken off her hat, and her splendid brown hair, which she wore loose down her back, floated in a mass on the water. I fancied she looked straight at me with her girlish face as she came up, and there was nothing wild or struggling about her, but she seemed to smile in the same jaunty way that she did when she was playing me half an hour before. In another moment she was swept rapidly astern and disappeared. We put about and lowered the boats, but we never found her."

"It is strange how the women who had been so shocked at her conduct before, now pitied and even wept for the little girl when they found what a load there must have been in the foolish child's heart while she was laughing the loudest."

"She had left a small reticule in the cabin, and when we opened it we found some verses, written in a little cramped hand, on a folded sheet of note paper. They ran about this way, and were headed:

"A MAGDALEN'S DEATH."  
"I can no longer endure this poisoning. This festering breath: (gently I try to rid the cage that left me—) Merciful death! Not sadly, tearfully, but bravely, to die my death."

"Priests may refuse to grant sanctified burial there into me. Father, I thank Thee! A blessing is always held over the sea. Aye, in its wildest foam, Aye, in its darkest gloom, Blessed is the sea."

"Welcome, oh! sea, with thy breakings and dashing! That never shall cease; Down in thy angriest, stormiest waters, Oh, hide me in peace! Say to the weary sea, 'Come to thy resting place, Slumber in peace.'"

To YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN.—The following rules are worthy of being printed in every newspaper and engraved on the heart of every young man and woman in the land:

Make for yourself a truth.  
Always speak the truth.  
Never speak evil of any one.  
Keep good company or none.  
Live up to your engagement.  
Be just before you are generous.  
Never play a dirty game of chance.  
Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors.  
Keep your own secrets if you have any.

A good character is above all things else.  
Never borrow if you can possibly help it.  
Keep yourself innocent if you'd be happy.  
When you speak to a person, look him in the face.  
Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper.  
When you retire to bed think over what you have done during the day.  
Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.  
If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be such that none will believe him.  
Never be idle. When your hand cannot be usefully employed attend to the cultivation of your mind.

The two-headed child, sometimes called the one-bodied children, is—that is to say—are dead. It lived in Boston, and at the time of their birth it created quite an excitement. Their father and mother feel that their bereavement keenly. But a child like those could not be expected to buffet the storms of the tumultuous world.

## How Mosquitoes Bite.

The mosquito has a proboscis like an elephant, only not so large. It will, however, look nearly as large under a good microscope. He cannot do as many handy things with it as the elephant can with his, but he can cause a good deal of annoyance in a small way with it. It is hardly the thing to say that the mosquito bites us, for he has no teeth. The microscope reveals the fact that he carries a pair of scissors inside his proboscis—the nearest and sharpest little cutting tools you ever saw. He gets his living by these. They are two delicate little blades, and are placed alongside of each other. When he is ready to make a meal off us, he first buzzes around with these beautiful wings, and sings a pleasant little song. If we let him quietly settle down, he picks out a place on our skin which is just to his liking. He is very delicate about it. When he gets ready, he puts his proboscis down and pushes or pulls the scissors out and makes a neat cut, so that he can suck the blood out. Then he drinks as much blood as he wants, and is done his dinner. But he does not leave yet. He is going to pay his bill. He has taken our blood, and he will leave us something in exchange for it. With all his faults, he is an honest little fellow—after his fashion. He has the pay in his pocket ready to squeeze out before he goes. It is poison, but that makes no difference to him. It is the best he has to give. His poison packet is at the head of his proboscis, and at the lower end of his proboscis he has a little "herb" packet, into which he puts poison enough for one dose. This is the "bite" of the mosquito. A very little of it makes the place where the mosquito puts it very sore. After he has sucked our blood he puts the drop of poison into the place he took the blood from. It is the "bite" of the mosquito, but it is the dropping of this powerful poison into our flesh. If this mosquito were large enough to give a powerful dose of this poison, it would be bad for us. If he were as big as a kitten, and his poison as strong in proportion, a "bite" from him would kill us.

SIGNS AND TOKENS.—The Gridiron.—To take down the gridiron from the nail where it is hanging with the left hand is a sign that there will be a broil in the kitchen.

The mirror.—If the mirror is broken it is a sign that a good-looking lass will be missed in the house.

A Funeral.—To meet a funeral procession is a sign of death.

Pocket-book.—To lose a pocket-book containing greenbacks is unlucky.

Nails.—If a woman's nails fall every Monday it is lucky for her husband.

Roosters.—If you hear a rooster crow when you are in bed, the clock strikes a few times at the same instant, is a sign of mourning.

An Itching Ear.—If you have an itching ear tickle your nose and you will have an itching throat, and ill luck will be averted.

A Cat.—When a cat prepares to wash its face it is a sign that one in the house will shortly receive a flogging.

Spirits.—If a married man, while his wife is in the room, takes up a bottle of spirits with his right hand, it is a sign that she will shortly be out of spirits, and that he is going to liquor.

Stock Raising.—If a one-eyed bull-dog dies at a stock raiser's legs, it denotes that a misfortune will happen to his calves.

Bridal.—If you get on horseback on Monday morning before the sun is up it is a sign that you will have your hand in a bridal.

Marriage.—If you are in a house and hear a baby cry it is a sign of a marriage—or if it isn't, it ought to be.

Red Hair.—If a red-haired man falls in love with a girl who dislikes hair of that color he will very likely die before he gets married.

The above signs and portents may be relied upon. They have never been known to fail.

## WILLIAM DAVIDSON, Real Estate Dealer.

OFFICE—No. 64 Front Street, PORTLAND, OREGON.

REAL ESTATE IN THIS CITY AND EAST OF PORTLAND, in the most desirable localities, consisting of LOTS, HALF BLOCKS AND BLOCKS, HOUSES AND STORES.

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REAL ESTATE and other Property purchased for Correspondents, in this City and throughout the STATES and TERRITORIES, with great care, and on the most ADVANTAGEOUS TERMS.

HOUSES AND STORES LEASED, LOANS NEGOTIATED AND CLAIMS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS PROMPTLY COLLECTED, and a GENERAL EXCHANGE AND AGENCY BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

AGENTS OF THIS OFFICE in all the CITIES AND TOWNS in the STATE will receive descriptions of REAL PROPERTY and forward the same to the above address.

## Parrish, Atkinson & Woodward, REAL ESTATE AGENTS

Corner Alder and Front Streets.

HAVE PROPERTY FOR SALE IN PORTLAND and throughout Oregon generally. We can offer

**SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS** to Purchasers of Real Estate.

Houses Rented. Money Loaned. Taxes Paid. And everything that pertains to the Real Estate Business attended to with promptness.

LEGAL PAPERS WRITTEN AND ACKNOWLEDGED. J. L. ATKINSON, Notary Public. L. M. PARRISH. TYLER WOODWARD.

## EMPLOYMENT OFFICE!

No. 50 Front St., American Exchange Building.

CONTRACTORS, Hotel Keepers, Farmers, Carpenters and Builders, Families, and in fact all who require help of any kind, will find it to their advantage to call and leave their addresses. P. M. LUTHERALL, Proprietor. I have also some Good Farms and Lots for sale. J. R. W.

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## Unparalleled Inducements to Clubs!

## The New Northwest, A JOURNAL FOR THE PEOPLE.

—AND— DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF HUMANITY.

Our Intensely Interesting Serial Story,

"JUDITH REID, A Plain Story of a Plain Woman."

Is now being published from week to week, and is attracting universal attention. A limited supply of back numbers yet on hand.

Arrangements have been made to secure the Services of a

## COMPETENT CORPS OF WRITERS

upon any and all subjects of Public Interest.

The *NEW NORTHWEST* is not a Woman's Rights, but a Human Rights organ, devoted to whatever policy may be necessary to secure the greatest good to the greatest number. It knows no sex, no politics, no religion, no party, no color, no creed. Its foundation is founded upon the rock of Eternal Liberty, Universal Emancipation and Untrammelled Progression.

## OUR PREMIUM LIST.

As an inducement for our friends to send their contributions to secure large clubs for the *New Northwest*, we offer the following list of valuable premiums:

For twenty subscribers, at \$3.00 each, accompanied by the cash, we will give a *HOMESIDE SEWING MACHINE*, without table, beautifully ornamented. Price, \$30.

For thirty-five subscribers, at \$3.00 each, accompanied by the cash, we will give a *HOMESIDE SEWING MACHINE*, without table, with Black Walnut table and cover. Price, \$45.

For forty subscribers, at \$3.00 each, accompanied by the cash, we will give a *HOMESIDE SEWING MACHINE*, without table, with Black Walnut table and cover. Price, \$50.

The above Sewing Machines, which are warranted first-class in every particular, can be seen at the office of Geo. W. Traver, 112 Front Street, Portland.

For fifty subscribers, at \$3.00 each, accompanied by the cash, we will give a *MASON & HAMILL PORTABLE SEWING MACHINE*, single reel, with black and white cast-iron bellows, two blow pipes, improved cast-iron pressure rod, valves, etc. Price, \$50.

For seventy-five subscribers, at \$3.00 each, accompanied by the cash, we will give a *MASON & HAMILL ORGAN*, of five octaves, accompanied by the cash, a *Black Walnut* table, with Black Walnut table and cover. Price, \$75.

For one hundred subscribers, at \$3.00 each, accompanied by the cash and twenty-five dollars additional, we will give a *MASON & HAMILL ORGAN*, of five octaves, accompanied by the cash, a *Black Walnut* table, with Black Walnut table and cover. Price, \$100.

Those who desire to receive these premiums will be required to send in their names as received. The subscribers will be placed to their credit, and if enough names are not received during the year to procure the premiums desired they can choose a lesser premium, or the cash, to be sent in to receive twenty-five percent in cash of the amount remitted for their labor.

## OUR NEW PREMIUM LIST.

As the *NEW NORTHWEST* has already proved a popular success, we are decided that it shall also prove a triumph.

To enable our friends who may decide to canvass for the paper to benefit both themselves and the cause, we have decided to give a premium to every subscriber who sends in his or her own subscription fee, and one new subscriber, accompanied by the cash, and we will give:

A pair of Parian Marble Vases;  
Or a Bohemian Glass Vase;  
Or a Bohemian Glass Clock Receiver;  
Or 12 dozen Ivory Napkin Rings;  
Or 12 dozen Fluted Tea Spoons;  
Or 12 dozen Alexandrian Kid Gloves;  
Or a spangled Lady's Fan, feathered edge;  
Or a Bird Cage;  
Or an Album for holding 100 pictures;  
Or an Album (extra) for holding 200 pictures;  
Or a Fancy Letter Case;  
Or a box Toilet Articles, including soap, chalk, perfume, etc.;  
Or a Britannia Tea Pot;  
Or a Kerolan Lamp;  
Or 12 dozen Glass Goblets;  
Or 12 dozen Glass Tumblers;  
Or a large Glass Fruit Dish;  
Or a Fine Embroidered Handkerchief;  
Or 12 dozen Linen Handkerchiefs;  
Or a Woolen Table Cover;  
Or 12 dozen Towels;  
Or a elegant Porcelain.

Any subscriber who is in arrears for the *New Northwest*, who will send his or her own subscription fee, and one new subscriber, accompanied by the cash, and we will give:

A pair of Parian Marble Vases;  
Or a Bohemian Glass Vase;  
Or a Bohemian Glass Clock Receiver;  
Or 12 dozen Ivory Napkin Rings;  
Or 12 dozen Fluted Tea Spoons;  
Or 12 dozen Alexandrian Kid Gloves;  
Or a spangled Lady's Fan, feathered edge;  
Or a Bird Cage;  
Or an Album for holding 100 pictures;  
Or an Album (extra) for holding 200 pictures;  
Or a Fancy Letter Case;  
Or a box Toilet Articles, including soap, chalk, perfume, etc.;  
Or a Britannia Tea Pot;  
Or a Kerolan Lamp;  
Or 12 dozen Glass Goblets;  
Or 12 dozen Glass Tumblers;  
Or a large Glass Fruit Dish;  
Or a Fine Embroidered Handkerchief;  
Or 12 dozen Linen Handkerchiefs;  
Or a Woolen Table Cover;  
Or 12 dozen Towels;  
Or a elegant Porcelain.

Any subscriber who is in arrears for the *New Northwest*, who will send his or her own subscription fee, and one new subscriber, accompanied by the cash, and we will give:

A pair of Parian Marble Vases;  
Or a Bohemian Glass Vase;  
Or a Bohemian Glass Clock Receiver;  
Or 12 dozen Ivory Napkin Rings;  
Or 12 dozen Fluted Tea Spoons;  
Or 12 dozen Alexandrian Kid Gloves;  
Or a spangled Lady's Fan, feathered edge;  
Or a Bird Cage;  
Or an Album for holding 100 pictures;  
Or an Album (extra) for holding 200 pictures;  
Or a Fancy Letter Case;  
Or a box Toilet Articles, including soap, chalk, perfume, etc.;  
Or a Britannia Tea Pot;